



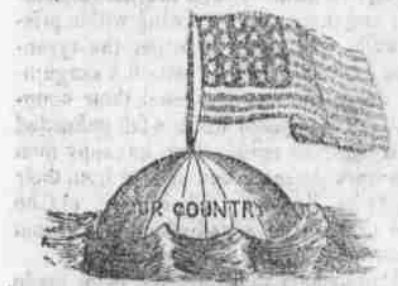
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY THOMAS R. MATTHEWS...AT \$1.00 PER YEAR.

VOLUME VII.

JACKSON C. H., OHIO, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1853.

NUMBER 35.

JACKSON STANDARD.



OFFICE IN HOFFMAN'S HALL.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY THOMAS R. MATTHEWS.

JACKSON C. H., OHIO.

THURSDAY, NOV. 24, 1853.

TERMS.
The paper will be sent according to order, year in advance, for \$1.00. If not paid within four weeks, 1.50. These terms will be rigidly adhered to. To insure a discontinuance at the end of the time subscribed for, all arrears must be paid, and positive directions given to that effect. Advertisements inserted at the usual rate. All advertisements not having the number of insertions marked on them, will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly.

Advertisements intended for insertion in the STANDARD, should be handed in previous to 3 P. M., ON TUESDAY.

THE GLOBE.
THE OFFICIAL PAPER OF CONGRESS, AND PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

It will be seen by the annexed extract from a letter of General Washington to David Stewart, dated New York, 17th March, 1790, that the idea of such a paper as I propose to make the Globe originated in the mind of the Father of his Country. He said:

"It is to be lamented that the editors of the different Gazettes in the Union do not more generally and more correctly (instead of stultifying their papers with scurrilous and nonsensical declamation, which few would read if they were apprised of the contents) publish the debates in Congress on all great national questions. The principles upon which the difference of opinion arises, as well as the decisions, would then come fully before the public, and afford the best data for its judgment."—*Spark's Writings of Washington*, vol. 10, p. 84.

THE DAILY GLOBE AND THE CONGRESSIONAL GLOBE.

In surrendering my interest in the organ of a great political party, I cherished the purpose of continuing the Congressional Globe, and, if possible, in time, to perfect it into a full history of the action of Congress, giving the debates accurately and fully with the proceedings—all stamped with the verity of an official record. From the passage in the letter of General Washington, which I have quoted, it will be perceived that he thought this office might be combined with that of a regular newspaper; and it is certain that the avidity of the public for news of the less important kind greatly contributes to give wings to the weightier matter which may be called Congressional news.

Having succeeded in my purposes of perfecting the reports of the debates in Congress and giving them the official stamp, I now propose to send them abroad in connection with the news of the day, in such haste as shall outstrip full and accurate intelligence sent from the seat of Government in any other form whatever. It will even anticipate the scraps of news forwarded to cities within two hundred and fifty miles of Washington by telegraph. Before the events thus transmitted are published in the morning papers, (for instance, of the city of New York,) the Globe containing them will have reached the post office of that city by the Express Mail of the previous night. The process by which this will be effected I now lay before the public.

I will have a corps of sixteen Reporters in Congress; each in succession will take notes during five minutes, then retire, prepare them for the Press, put them slip by slip in the hands of compositors, and thus, while a debate is going on in Congress, it will be put in type, and in a few minutes after its ended it will be in print. I shall by this means be enabled to send by the Express Mail of 5 o'clock p. m. for the East, West, and North, and by that of 9 o'clock p. m. for the South, all the proceedings of Congress up to the ordinary hour of adjournment. Thus the accurate debates of Congress will reach the cities two hundred and fifty miles from the Capitol before their daily morning papers are in circulation.

The miscellaneous news I shall be careful to gather from remote sections of the country by telegraph. I will obtain from the Executive Departments, through official sources, the matters of moment transacted in them, and, through agents employed for the purpose, all the city news of consequence in sufficient time to be put into the Globe and mailed in the Express Mail trains. In this way I hope to create a new era in the dissemination of news from Washington. Hitherto no newspaper has attempted to give authentic accounts of things done at Washington before the public mind at a distance had received its first impressions from irresponsible telegraphic dispatches, or by letter-writers biased by peculiar views. Washington has now become so great

a center of political interest during all the year—the proceedings of the Executive Departments and the information collected by them even during the recess of Congress is of so much importance to the interests of every section of the country, that I shall continue the publication of the daily paper permanently, with a view to become the vehicle of the earliest and most correct intelligence.

It is part of my plan to reduce the price of the daily to half that of similar daily papers; and thus I hope to extend its circulation so as to invite advertisements—I will publish advertisements of the Government. To subscribers in the cities I hope to submit such terms as will induce them to advertise their business in every village throughout the Union, where the Globe is sent daily under the franks of members of Congress, all of whom take it, and some of them a large number of copies.

The installation of a new Administration and a new Congress portends much change in the course of public affairs as the result of the next session. Many vast interests which were brought up in the last Congress were laid over by the Democratic majority to await the action of a Democratic Executive. The new modeling of the tariff; the new land system; the question of giving homesteads, and making every man a freeholder who may choose to become one; the approximation of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans by a national railroad across the territory of the Union; reform in the Army, Navy, and civil offices—all these great questions, with a thousand minor ones, deeply affecting multitudes of men and every State in the Union, will, now being matured by public opinion, come up for the Government's decision. These new issues, cooperating with old ones, coming up to be disposed of by new actors on the scenes at Washington, will be apt to modify greatly, if not alter essentially, the party organizations of the country.

To these elements of interest another is likely to be introduced by the interpolation of the agitations of Europe. After nearly forty years of peace in Europe there is an evident restlessness that now seems fraught with tendencies threatening war; and if war comes, in all likelihood there will follow such universal change that the United States can scarcely hope to escape its vortex. Indeed, from late events it is apparent that our Government is already drawn into European difficulties. These circumstances are calculated to draw the public mind towards the next Congress with much expectation.

THE DAILY GLOBE will be printed on fine paper, double royal size, with small type, (brevier and nonpareil,) at five dollars a year.

The Congressional Globe will also be printed on a double royal sheet, in book form, royal quarto size, each number containing sixteen pages. The Congressional Globe proper will be made up of the proceedings of Congress and the running debates as given by the Reporters. The speeches which members may choose to write out themselves will, together with the messages of the President of the United States, the reports of the Executive Departments, and the laws passed by Congress, be added in an Appendix. Formerly I received subscriptions for the Congressional Globe and Appendix separately. But this has not been found satisfactory, inasmuch as it gave an incomplete view of the transactions in Congress; and therefore I have concluded not to sell them apart, considering that neighbors can have the advantage of both by clubbing in one individual shall find it too onerous to be at the charge of both.

To facilitate the circulation of the Congressional Globe and cheapen it to subscribers, Congress passed last year a joint resolution making it free of postage. I annex it, as the law may not be accessible to postmasters generally:

Joint Resolution providing for the distribution of the Laws of Congress and the Debates thereon.

With a view to the cheap circulation of the laws of Congress and the debates contributing to the true interpretation thereof, and to make free the communication between the representative and constituent bodies:

Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That from and after the present session of Congress, the Congressional Globe and Appendix, which contain the laws and the debates thereon, shall pass free through the mails so long as the same shall be published by order of Congress: Provided, That nothing herein shall be construed to authorize the circulation of the Daily Globe free of postage.

Approval, August 6, 1853.

As I sell the daily Globe at half the price of similar publications, so the Congressional Globe and Appendix is sold for half the cost of so much composition, press-work, and paper. This I can afford to do, inasmuch as the subscription of Congress almost covers the cost of composition, and this enables me to sell for little more than the cost of press-work and paper. It requires the sale of about 9,000 copies to reimburse expenses. If 500 only were sold, the cost of each copy would be about \$1.94! The debates in the English Parliament cost about eleven times as much as I charge subscribers for the debates in Congress, equal in quantity, and as well reported and printed.

be careful to file all the numbers received by them. I will supply any that may miscarry in the mails. This work increases in value as it grows old. The first seventeen volumes will now command three times, and some of the subsequent ones twice, their original subscription price.

The subscription price for the Congressional Globe (including the Appendix and the laws) is six dollars.

Complete indexes will be made out and forwarded to subscribers soon after the session is ended.

Subscribers for the Daily should have their money here by the 5th, and for the Congressional Globe by the 15th of December. The money must accompany an order for either the Daily or the Congressional Globe. Bank notes current where a subscriber resides will be received at par. JOHN C. RIVES.

WASHINGTON, October 12, 1853.

Select Tales.

SECRET SERVICE.

OR

THE BROKER'S WARD.

BY OLIVER OPTIC.

MY GOD! not a dollar left! My poor pittance is all gone, and I have not a penny to pay this bill with," exclaimed Henry Standish, as he crushed up a bill for board, which his landlady had just presented him.

Throwing himself into a chair, he covered his face with his hands, and wept like a child.

When the strong man weeps, the heart is indeed touched. The young man had been four weeks in Boston in search of employment. He was a native of a thrifty town in the northerly part of Vermont. Well educated and of good address, he was qualified for the mercantile business, and had always been turned in that direction.

For several years previous to his departure from home, he had been employed in a store; but the sphere was too narrow for his ambition. He longed for the excitement of the great metropolis, which he doubted not would furnish him a field co-extensive with his capacity and his desires.

With only a small sum of money, for he doubted not that he could step immediately into some lucrative situation; he bade adieu to the cherished home of his childhood, and departed for Boston. Arrived there, he found his prospects not half so encouraging as he had expected. He had applied for several situations; but having neglected to bring with him testimonials of character, no one would employ him in any desirable capacity.

He was sorely disappointed, and not until his scanty means were exhausted did he awaken to the full sense of his unfortunate position. There seemed to be no alternative before him, but to accept a situation in some menial capacity, a step at which his pride revolted.

His landlady had handed him her weekly bill for board. It was only five dollars, but all his money was spent, and the consciousness of his misery went over him like a dark cloud.

Retiring to his room, he vented his sad feelings in exclamations of bitter disappointment.

"How now, Standish? What is the matter?" exclaimed his friendly roommate, as he entered the apartment, and discovered the misery of the disappointed young man.

Henry raised his head, and thrust forward the bill.

"Fudge! you are not making all this fuss about that bill, are you?"

"I have not a dollar left."

"Cheer up, man; I will lend you a V, said his kind hearted 'chum,' drawing his pocket-book out, and taking therefrom a bank bill.

"Nay, nay, Joseph, I cannot take it. I know not that I shall ever be able to repay you," replied Henry, bitterly.

"Nonsense, Standish; take it, whether you pay me or not."

"I cannot."

"Thunder you must! you will learn how to borrow money one of these days."

Henry reluctantly took the bill.

"I have news for you—a chance to get into business."

"Then you have seen Mr. Harding?"

"I have; he says he has something for you to do. He wishes to see you, and promised to come here for that purpose."

"To come here?"

"Yes; and it is time he were here now," said the other, consulting his watch.

"Mr. Harding was a broker, to whom Henry had several times applied for employment, and who had encouraged him to hope that his purpose was in a fair way of becoming accomplished.

A servant girl announced the broker. "He would come up, though I tried to make him stop below," said the girl in a low tone.

"I do, sir; I have applied to you for a situation."

"I do not want a clerk, but I have a service of rather a delicate nature, that I wish performed. You are a good looking fellow, of easy address—in short I have selected you from a thousand, on account of your prepossessing appearance."

Henry was astonished at this singular speech of the broker.

"I trust I shall be able to suit you," said he, modestly.

"Exactly so—you will. The service I require is not a disagreeable task; most young men would be glad to do it without the liberal compensation I propose to give you."

"Pray what is the service?"

"Before I state it, young man, I wish you to understand, that all which passes between us must be kept inviolably secret. In a word, you must swear to be silent, whether you perform the service or not."

Henry hesitated; but he was a beggar, and beggars are not so apt to hesitate as those in comfortable circumstances.

"I promise."

"Promise—swear."

"I do."

"If you are false to your oath, I'll tear your heart out," said the broker, in a deep fierce tone.

"I would not betray your confidence."

"Listen to me, then. I am the guardian of a young lady, who by the terms of her father's will, loses her inheritance if she marries without my consent—her estate comes to me. The fall of stock has ruined me; I must redeem myself, do you understand?"

Henry shrunk back in amazement at the cool villainy which Mr. Harding proposed to perpetrate; but his curiosity was roused, and with as much calmness as he could assume, he expressed his perfect comprehension of the broker's position.

"You are well formed; the women say you are handsome," continued the broker, with a sneer. "Nature has admirably adapted you to execute my purpose, you must marry the girl."

"Marry her!" exclaimed Henry, in utter amazement.

"Ay, marry her! She is worth a hundred thousand dollars; I will give you ten, when you have made her your wife."

"Will she consent to be my wife?"

"Fool! not unless you play your cards right. But she is romantic, sentimental—reads novels by the wholesale. I will introduce you by Count Fizzle, or some thing of that sort; you must do the rest."

Henry paused to consider. The idea of becoming a party to such a nefarious transaction, was repugnant to every manly feeling within him. But he had sworn an oath, which sealed his lips so that he could not expose the plot, even if he refused to be engaged in it.

"I will make the attempt," said he, after a thorough consideration.

"Good; and as I suppose you are not flush of change, here is a hundred dollars to fit yourself out with."

The broker handed him the money, and promised to call in the evening, and introduce him to the lady.

"That was a precious scheme!" exclaimed Joseph, as he re-entered the room.

"You heard it?"

"Mum, Standish; I am not so nice about such things as some folks. I congratulate you on your good fortune, and when you come in possession, I hope you won't forget old friends."

"I certainly shall not," replied Henry, relapsing into a reverie.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Harding accompanied Henry Standish to the residence of his ward, and presented him as a highly esteemed young friend, for whom he claimed her special favor.

"Your friends shall always be welcome, uncle Obed," said she, taking the hand of Henry.

Her uncle! great heavens! it is possible that man can plot the injury of his own flesh and blood!

Mr. Harding withdrew after a brief conversation, leaving Henry to win his way to the heart of the heiress.

There was that in the eye of the young man which is irresistibly attractive to a young maiden. He was well formed, with a handsome face, a musical voice, and a winning manner. Amelia was strongly prepossessed in his favor from the first moment she saw him.

Henry, perceiving his advantage, followed it up with energy, and ere half the evening had passed away, had produced an impression on the heart of the maiden which fairly opened the way for a conquest.

But he could not but reproach himself for the part he had accepted, and though he felt that his intentions were good, the consciousness that he appeared before the gentle girl in an assumed character, was anything but agreeable to his lofty sentiment.

Amelia was a beautiful girl, and Henry felt that to be loved by her was to him the delights of paradise in the midst of a cold, trawling world. When he departed, his heart told him that even then he had gone too far for his own happiness. He had seen her, and could not resist the desire to repeat his visit. He went again, and the effect of the visit was irremediable—She blushed when he was announced—She had thought of him in his absence; she loved him!

Henry continued his visits for several weeks; he had confessed his love, and received a warm pressure of the hand in reply.

"I have deceived you, Amelia," said Henry, his mind made up to continue no longer the cruel deception.

"Deceived me, Henry," repeated she, fixing her large, liquid blue eyes anxiously upon him.

"I have, dearest; I am a poor, worthless man—a beggar."

"Is that all? you never told me you were rich," replied Amelia, entirely relieved to find the deception was so harmless.

In a few words, Henry acknowledged the utter poverty and destitution which had surrounded him, and gave her the history of his past life.

"I am glad you are not rich, Henry," said she, artlessly, when he had finished his recital; "it is so romantic to marry a poor man; so noble and gentle as yourself. I shall have the pleasure of enriching you now," and she laughed gaily.

"Alas, dearest, I fear you will not even have that pleasure," returned Henry; and he narrated the particulars of his first interview with her uncle.

Is it possible that uncle Obed can be so wicked!" exclaimed she, with unaffected astonishment; "dear me, how I pity him!"

"But, dear Amelia, we must."

"Part? no."

"Your fortune will be sacrificed."

"Let it go, then; and I am heartily obliged to uncle Obed for making choice of so noble, gallant and handsome a person to execute his purpose."

"Think what you do, dear Amelia."

"I am satisfied; my decision is made. My uncle sent you to me to play the part of a villain; in the face of a strong temptation, you have done your duty, and behaved as a gallant knight. Think you I cannot appreciate your devotion? I love you, sir—let the fortune go."

"But I am a beggar."

"Then let me be the wife of a beggar."

Henry folded her in his arms, and imprinted a tender kiss upon her lips.

"Nay, love, fortune shall yet redeem us from poverty; we shall yet be happy."

"I have it!" and Henry's brow contracted with the weight of a big thought which had suddenly invaded his brain.

"Have what, dear Henry?"

CHAPTER III.

On the following day, Henry and Amelia left for New York—for what purpose the imaginative reader can easily divine.

The first intelligence that Mr. Harding received of the marriage, he obtained from the newspaper. Hastily leaving the office, he made his way to the residence of the heiress, which she occupied with a maiden aunt, as her companion and house keeper.

The happy couple were at home and Mr. Harding was in high glee at the success of his plan. In his calculating brain, he commended the diplomacy skill and energy which Henry had brought to the transaction to its speedy termination.

Mr. Harding found the happy bride party pleasantly disposed in the drawing room, ready to receive such company as might honor them. Appearances must be saved, and as the servant conducted him to the presence of the willful girl, he contrived to work himself into a very tolerable passion.

"What does all this mean, Amelia," exclaimed he, in loud, authoritative tones, with charming naivete, as she rose and went through a mock presentation.

"Your husband, indeed!" sneered the broker. "If I mistake not, I have not been consulted in this affair."

"No, uncle, it was my affair."

"I never was more confounded in my life," continued Mr. Harding, evincing a well feigned surprise, "than when I read your marriage in the papers."

"You will be in a moment though," thought Joseph Jones, Henry's 'chum,' at the boarding house, who either by accident or design, was a visitor at the same time.

"You need not to have been surprised, uncle; you know I am a wild, willful girl."

"You are aware of the terms of your father's will?"

"I am."

"You have sacrificed your fortune, of course you never expected me to consent to your union with a beggar."

"You ought not to have brought him here then, uncle."

"What do you mean, girl?"

"Nothing, uncle Obed; but you will not be so cruel as to deprive me of my inheritance?" said Amelia, looking mischievously at him.

"Shall I put it in your hands for this gentleman to run through? No; I will make over to him the sum of ten thousand dollars. The provisions of the will shall be strictly enforced."

"So far, so good; but, Mr. Harding, I shall claim the residue of her fortune."

"Henry, who had been only a listener."

"Sir! you!"

"Sir, I!" replied Henry, putting a bold face upon the matter.

"By what right will you claim it? asked the broker, exasperated by the impudence of his tool."

"As this lady's husband, of course."

"The terms of the will," sneered Mr. Harding; she could not marry without my consent."

"I heard the whole of it—ready to swear in court, if need be," added Joseph Jones.

The broker was frightened at the idea of a court.

"We shall meet again!" said he glancing fiercely at Henry.

"Let us hope that we may not meet in yonder prison," said Henry, sternly.

"The plan you had formed," and narrated to me, sir, was infamous beyond expression. If I had refused to become your confederate, another less scrupulous might have engaged in it, and this lady had been sacrificed by your rascality."

I came with the intention of exposing all; but her fair form and gentle heart so strongly impressed me, that I was weak enough to use the advantage with which you had armed me. At another time I did expose the whole scheme, your niece married me in my own proper character, and not as your esteemed friend."

If I have wronged her, God forgive me! That was the happiest day of my life when you brought Henry Standish to my presence, uncle," added Amelia, laughing heartily.

The broker waited to hear no more. He had overreached himself, or punish the violated oath. In due time he reluctantly put Henry in possession of Amelia's fortune, and they are now as happy as love and opulence can make them.

Joseph Jones has received that V, with interest, and never has had occasion to regret that he befriended Henry in the hour of his need.

Some oaths are better broken than kept.

VOTE FOR HIM.

Lewis, the fun-loving editor of the "N. M. Union," says an exchange, is a candidate for the Legislature. In the last number of his paper he published a circular to his fellow-citizens of eight columns. Whereupon he says:

"It may be asked why I write so long a circular. An anecdote will illustrate my answer. Once upon a time, an old lady sent her grandson out to set a turkey. On his return, the following dialogue took place:

"Sammy, have you set her?"

"Yes, grandma."

"Fixed the nest up nicely?"

"Mighty fine, grandma."

"How many eggs did you put under her?"

"One hundred and twenty, grandma."

"Why Sammy, what did you put so many under her for?"

"Grandma, I wanted to see her spread herself!"

My opponents will pitch into this circular—hope they will have a good time in making a large per centage off of it. A short one would be as much as they could get over, but I want to see them spread themselves."

"ALL HANDS ROUND."

November has come! the month for ruddy fires and snug, chimney-corner enjoyments; and the chill air of the mornings reminds us that Winter will soon be freezing us by his touch. Though we shiver at the mention of Winter, the gay season of the year is really but just at hand, and not till now do we begin to look for life and animation in the fashionable world.

The sun has now crossed the line, the last revellers at Newport and Nahant are back again—and already the shrill squeaking of fiddle-strings begins to be heard in the ball-rooms. Soon the mantua-makers and milliners will have completed their labors—the last decorations will be perfected—and the pageantry of the season will burst upon the town in all its dazzling and bewitching splendor!

Then—on, on with the dance—the merry dance—and let joy flash each cheek, and sparkle in each glancing eye! On with the dance—the dance of giddiness and delirium—let joy and festivity crown the flying hours—give care to the winds, and croaking to the crows—and let notes at the bank, and creditors' bills, and other importune importunities, take care of